INTERVIEW OF
DEBORA R. GARRISON DAVIS

INTERVIEWEE:	DEBORA R. GARRISON DAVIS
INTERVIEWER:	TEALEY ELLIS
ALSO PRESENT:	JUDITH ROBERTSON
TRANSCRIBER:	PAT FITZPATRICK
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JUDITH ROBERTSON: This is Judith Robertson, recording the oral history of Debora R. Davis at the Fairview Public Library at 11:40 on June the 7th, 2018, for the Fairview Oral History Project of the North Carolina Room at Pack Library and the Buncombe County Library System.

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TEALEY ELLIS: My name is Tealey Ellis and I'm speaking with Debora Garrison Davis on June 7th, 2018, at the Fairview, North Carolina, public library in Fairview, North Carolina, to talk about Debora's experience living in Fairview.

Thank you, Debora, for volunteering to participate in this oral history project and driving in from Haywood County.

We were talking just a little bit before we started recording, Debora, that you had written a story about your experience living in Fairview and that you moved from Fairview when you were 12 years old?

DEBORA DAVIS: That's right.

TE: So, if you would like to begin with sharing that story with us, we'd love to hear it.

DD: Okay. Hi, I'm Debora Reneè Garrison Davis. I was born February 24th, 1970, to Gordon and Margaret Garrison. And this is the story I wrote with some of the project that I put together.

"In the spring of 1964, Margaret Mcmenemy was 17 years old and was working at Kress Department Store in Asheville, North Carolina. One afternoon while at work, a young soldier in dress uniform came in and stood at the end of her counter. He just stood and watched her, so she asked if she could help him with anything. He said no. A little while later she asked him again and again he just said no. Then she asked if he was waiting on someone. And he answered yes. He asked her what time she got off work and she told him at 3 o'clock. Then she told him that he could wait for his friend in a different area. He walked to the front door and stood. After three days of the same routine, he was standing at the front door as Margaret was leaving. She politely asked if his friend had shown up. He told her yes, and he put his arm around her. Then he introduced himself as Gordon Garrison. That was the beginning of a two-year-long courtship.

"She asked permission from her mother if he could bring her home. They walked to her house and he was invited to stay for dinner and conversation. Her mother then offered to take him to Fairview where he lived with his parents. He was so taken by Margaret that he didn't want to be without her. When her mother had dropped him off, he headed back to Asheville. Gordon hitchhiked and was sitting on their front porch upon their return. Margaret became very fond of him that evening.

"After two years of dating, he talked with her mother, Mrs. McMenemy and requested her hand in marriage. She granted him her permission and on March 31st, 1966, they said their vows to each other in the living room of her home.

"On a personal note from Margaret, her father, Joseph McMenemy, Sr., was there with her in spirit, but unfortunately he passed away when she was only 14, and her brother Joe, Jr. was in the army and was stationed in Germany at the time, so her mother acted as one of them, had been there and gave her away.

"For their honeymoon, they chose a quaint little motel located in Swannanoa to begin their marriage. They spent two days and two nights there and then temporarily moved in with his parents on Garrison Mountain. Margaret had never been away from home or her mother before, so you can just imagine how nervous she must have been. But Cap and Geneva, Gordon's parents, made her feel like she had always been a part of their family. They welcomed her with open arms and, of course, her mother was close by, as well.

"Margaret continued to work and Gordon took a job in Asheville as a mechanic. They managed to save money while they lived with his parents. Within just a short period of time, Margaret became pregnant with her first child. It was then that they decided they needed their own home, so they moved into a house located on Arlington Street in Asheville, right below where her mother lived. They finally had their own home.

"Margaret and Gordon both continued working and living a young married couple's dream life. They were so much in love. One evening they had planned on going out to dinner and a movie. However, Margaret being nine months pregnant, her water broke and on July 28th, 1967, she was in

the hospital giving birth to a beautiful baby girl they named Bridget. Gordon and Margaret Garrison were now proud young parents.

"In just a short period of time, they were pregnant again, and on August 20th, 1968, Margaret delivered a beautiful little boy who would be Gordon's namesake. They named him Gordon Benjamin Garrison, Jr. Just two days after his birth, God sent an angel to take him home to heaven. The hospital kept Margaret for a few more days, so Gordon and a few others held a plot funeral service in his honor and laid him to rest in Nesbitt Chapel Cemetery. He is gone but not forgotten.

"Gordon and Margaret were able to overcome their loss and kept going. After living in Asheville for some time, the mountain in Fairview continued calling to their hearts. His sister, Popeye had an empty mobile home set up on the mountain and she invited them to use it, so Gordon picked up his family and moved them in.

"Not long after they settled in, Gordon's brother, Ralph, co-signed for them to purchase a mobile home. His parents, Cap and Geneva, allotted them a piece of land up on the mountain, and that's where they put it. On February 24th, 1970, Margaret gave birth to a darling little girl she named Debora Garrison. Gordon was out of town when she was born, so Margaret stayed with her mother until he returned.

"Then in 1972, Margaret went into labor Christmas Day and on December 26th, a beautiful baby boy was born. She called him Jeffrey. Now, with three healthy children, their lives seemed full, but in 1976 they were blessed a fifth time. This time with a handsome boy named Lesley. He arrived about two months premature. Margaret and Gordon prayed that he would be strong enough to make it and God answered that prayer. After being cared for in the hospital for about one week, Margaret insisted on

bringing Lesley home. They decided then that their family was complete. With the children in school and in daycare, Margaret went back to work full time. Gordon was involved in a car wreck that left him with a ruptured and herniated disc in his back. With him having to have surgery, Margaret felt it was necessary to take a second job. That's when she became known as 'the baby clothes lady', down at Dreamland Drive-in Flea Market.

"On the weekends, she would sometimes take her children with her and sometimes they would stay with their father. She earned enough to support the household. When her children went with her, she was able to teach them about the value of a dollar. Her daughter Debora," which is me, "was big enough to help her set up and they could stay and sell while Margaret shopped around for more clothes to sell. Her boys took other jobs at the flea market, working for the tire man.

"Despite the long hours, Margaret's work and Gordon's debilitating condition, they were able to keep their children involved in different activities. Bridget and Debora were in the Girl Scouts and Brownie troops. They also played softball and were cheerleaders at Fairview Elementary School. Jeffrey and Lesley played on the Little League baseball team.

"Margaret also took her children to church and taught them what she had been taught about God. On the mountain, every year they would gather with Gordon's parents, brothers and sisters for birthday parties, Easter egg hunts, and the harvesting of the gardens. Their lives were honest and good.

"Then come around 1978, tragedy struck their lives again when their home caught on fire and burnt to the ground. Luckily, the whole family made it out with no injury and the clothes on their backs. They lost everything. Everything, that is, except a family portrait and their daughter Debora's bible. She still owns that to this day and you can see where the

edges are charred, and when you flip through the pages you can still smell the fire to this day.

"The whole community came together and provided clothes, shoes, blankets and just everything they would need to start over with. The insurance they had paid them enough to be able to put a down payment on a new home and start rebuilding their lives. Gordon and Margaret continued raising their children on Garrison Mountain until the year 1982. They had tried hard to keep their family together but, unfortunately, in the summer of that year, they made a decision to separate, due to some irreconcilable differences".

That's the story of my parents. Now, I have a story of my own. This is what I remember growing up. It's called *Growing up on Garrison Mountain.*

"My memories of the mountain are as vivid as if I were still there. Mom and Dad moved us into a mobile home about halfway up on the mountain and the view from the yard was above where my Mammaw and Pappaw lived. To me, it was a normal day to come home from school, kick my shoes off, throw my book bag down and run outside to find a spot on the mountain to play. Of course, I'd find Della or Phillip and off we'd run to go build a fort or ride our Big Wheels from the top of the mountain all the way to the bottom. There was always something to do.

"Mammaw had huge gardens all over the mountain that she and her boys plowed, sowed and seeded. They worked and harvested them every year. Around harvest time the boy cousins would be in the field with the men, bringing in the crops, while the girl cousins were at Mammaw's house, along with our mothers, cleaning and canning the harvest of the year. We all had fresh vegetables to last the whole winter. The whole family would get

together several times throughout the year. We would gather at Mammaw and Pappaw's birthdays, Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas. We always cooked, ate and just enjoyed each other's company. Mammaw was the best cook I ever knew. She taught all of her children how to cook, and by the time I was five, my dad was teaching us how to make homemade biscuits.

"My mom did most of the cooking in our home. I remember on Sundays it was a tradition for us to have fried chicken, mashed taters, macaroni and cheese, homemade biscuits, and sometimes either corn or green beans. That and my dad's homemade chili were my favorites. Chocolate gravy was also in the mix. My dad had a garden on our property. We had corn, squash, green beans, onions, okra, and the list goes on.

"I remember riding the bus home after school and it taking about one hour to our stop. Then we had to walk halfway up the mountain to get home. I would be so hungry by the time I got home, that I would ask Mom for a snack and she would always tell me I'd have to wait on supper. Well, I'd go straight to Dad and ask him if I could borrow his pocketknife. And then I'd go out to the garden. I remember cutting okra or picking beans or cleaning an ear of corn just to tide me over until dinner was ready. I don't think my mom ever knew that I did that. And I still own his pocketknife to this day.

"My dad also loved flowers. Peony roses were his favorite, but he also planted azalea bushes, tulips and so on. On the mountain, we had a wildflower called a Lady Slipper that grew in the shade of the woods. I they are protected by the government now, but back then I can remember my dad had found one and was going to transplant it near our house somewhere as a gift for Mom for Mother's Day. He told all of us to leave it alone and he would do it. I got impatient and I went to dig it up, not knowing what I was

doing and I killed it. My dad was so mad at me, he didn't talk to me for a week straight. I think he carried that disappointment in me around with him longer than that, because after we were grown, I could mention it in an apologetic way and you could see the glare in his eyes. I never wanted to disappoint him like that again. I had hurt him in his heart and that was the worst punishment I had ever had.

"I grew up and became what I thought was an adult. I got married and had a son, a beautiful boy I named Matthew. Then my marriage dissolved and after being alone for about ten years, I had another beautiful boy that I named Michael. Still alone, God sent me a wonderful man named Billy, my husband, who I now have a beautiful daughter, Mika Mae, with. I love all my M&M's, my man, Matthew, Michael and Mika Mae.

"My family and I all live in Canton", at the time, it's Clyde now, "this is in Haywood County. Billy was raised here and this is where we plan on living from now on. He works for Dotson's Plumbing Company, doing most of the commercial plumbing for Ingles Grocery Store. In fact, at this moment, he's on the site at the Ingles warehouse, aka Thomas & Howard in Swannanoa.

"I was a stay-at-home mom for the last four years; however, December 2010 Billy was temporarily laid off from his job. I received a phone call from my old boss at the Hot Dog King in May of 2011, asking if I could come back to work, so I did. Then Billy was called back in June, so now we're both working full time. I guess you could call us your everyday, run-of-the-mill working class American family.

"We enjoy hiking and going to the park as a family. We try to take a vacation every year and we just have fun with no worries and stress from everyday life. On the weekends, we've made our own tradition of going to

Billy's mom and dad's house for lunch. His sisters come with their families, too. We also gather for Christmas, Easter, Halloween and Thanksgiving. It reminds me so much of growing up on Garrison Mountain, and the gatherings that we had at Mammaw and Pappaw's. It was also a sense of family that was instilled in me when I was a little girl and I love being able to pass that on to my children. I pray that every member of my family, both inside and outside of my home, can find the inner peace and happiness that God has blessed me with".

TE: Thank you. That is beautiful. Thank you so much for sharing both stories that were very personal, obviously, and so well written.

DD: Well, now, this was written as you heard, back in 2011. I no longer work. I'm again a stay-at-home mom, so, you know, a little bit has changed. But my husband still works. But we still have the close-knit family.

TE: Wonderful. You mentioned when your mother, siblings, you and your siblings were born, which hospital?

DD: Memorial Mission.

TE: Memorial Mission. Okay. And also one of the things you mentioned was that you all went to church. Is that church still around, still standing?

DD: Yes. Mom took us to Asheville First Baptist Church off of Charlotte Street. But we sometimes went with my Aunt Eva to Chestnut Hill Baptist Church over in Fairview.

TE: So both of those churches are still standing.

DD: Yes.

TE: Wonderful. That's absolutely wonderful. When, and I think you answered this in your story, but I jotted it down and you mentioned that your

parents' home had burned and totally destroyed. Did you rebuild or lived in the same--on the same land?

DD: On the same land, uh-huh.

TE: Okay. What about your grandparents? You mentioned Mammaw and Pappaw and spending time with them. What was their--did they live close?

DD: Yes, they lived--we all lived on the same mountain. When you turn up Garrison Road, David Holt actually used to live at the very bottom. I don't know if you know of who that is.

TE: I do.

DD: Famous folk singer. We used to play with his kids. Then when you go up the road just a little ways, Aunt Eva lives on the left, Uncle Ray was up on the hill on the right. You go straight on up the hill, turn the curve, Uncle Alvin and Aunt Debbie was right there on the right. Then Uncle James and Aunt Popeye. And go on around the curve and up, it was our home. You go on around the curve and on up, it was Mammaw's house.

TE: Okay.

DD: And then right above her was Uncle Mark's house. So, I mean, our whole family lived on that mountain.

TE: On the mountain. What did your grandparents, were they farmers? What did they do?

DD: Yes, they were farmers. My grandfather, he actually, for awhile I know he drove the school bus for Fairview. I guess it was high school, elementary school, all that at the time. But he used to drive the school bus when I knew him, you know, because they were up older when I was born.

My grandmother, she pretty much stayed at home and plowed the fields with their boys and milked the cows and slopped the hogs and did all

that. And she pretty much maintained the home. And he went out and worked. When he was no longer working as a bus driver, I believe he worked for Sayles Bleachery for a long time. And then he went to work as a security guard at Bi-Lo's, off of Swannanoa River Road. So, he worked there for a long time, till he retired. And then, yeah, they pretty much, they farmed. We had like three huge gardens on top of the mountain that everybody participated in. The boys would help, you know, plow and seed and harvest and then the girls would come in and we would have to string the beans and shuck the corn and cream the corn and can it and, you know, we got everything put up for winter.

TE: That was going to be my next question. About the crops, what kind of crops and how many people went, maybe, to each home in the family to help during canning season.

DD: It was actually my grandmother's home that we all went to. Okay. I had--my daddy had six brothers and three sisters, and I can name them all. Starting from the oldest: it's Shirley, Marvin, Ralph, Ray, my daddy Gordon, Eva, Popeye, Joe, Jerry and Alvin. So, there's all of them plus all of their kids. We all--the boys and the men were out in the fields bringing it in, the women were in Mammaw's house shucking and cleaning and canning.

TE: What about animals that were raised? You had cows, you mentioned milking. What about hogs? Did you raise any hogs? What was hog-killing time like?

DD: Okay, now. I remember Mammaw having hogs. In fact, my fondest memory of the hogs were they were huge. They were like 800 pounds. Huge ones. And when you first top the very top of the mountain where my grandmother lived, right before you went around to her house,

there was this plum tree, right here on the side of the road. And right off the hill there is where they kept their hogs, right down off below the plum tree. And I used to get up in that plum tree and eat all the good plums, and all the rotten ones I just throw down to the hogs. I'd try to bean them in the head with it.

[Laughter.]

DD: And I don't remember a whole lot about, as far as the cows and the chickens and such as that. But now, I heard stories that when my dad was little, you know, all his brothers and sisters were little, they had cows that had to be milked because that's pretty much, you know, their source of milk.

They raised chickens and they actually went through an experience similar to what I did as far as a child goes. When they were growing up, they lived with their grandparents. And their house was struck by lightning or something and caught on fire. So, they had to rebuild. So, the picture of the house that I have to present, of our mountain that I lived on, is actually the newly constructed house that my grandfather rebuilt. Even though his father was living with him, my grandfather rebuilt it for him and ten kids. It was a two-bedroom house with ten kids. And it still stands.

TE: I think from your description of the mountain that your family lived on, that your neighbors would have been family members. But were there other people, neighbors, that lived on that mountain?

DD: At the very, very--like I said, David Holt lived at the very bottom and at the very, very top, I don't remember the people's names, but there were a few people that were--it was not our land. It was somebody else's land. It was at the very top of the mountain.

TE: But it truly was a family mountain then.

DD: It was.

TE: You mentioned, when talking about crops and everybody being involved in it. When the crops were being harvested, how was the school situation handled? Was school suspended for awhile so that children could help?

DD: No, it was pretty much, when you got home from school, you went straight to work. Back in our day, like now school starts in August. When I was going to school, it didn't start till the third and fourth week of September. So, it's, you know, it was different back then.

TE: That covered a lot of that harvest time by school starting later?

DD: Right.

TE: What was Fairview School like?

DD: Oh, it was awesome. I loved it. I remember it was a three-story school. Well, actually, if you count the cafeteria, it would be four. So, the cafeteria was the lowest level in the school, and then it stepped up maybe two or three steps and it went kindergarten through second grade was. Then you went up a couple more steps and it went from where third and fourth grade was, and then you went up all the way to the upper level, and that was fifth and sixth grade.

And we just had--we had a blast. I do remember there was corporal punishment. If you got in trouble, you got your butt whupped.

TE: Did that ever happen to you?

DD: Absolutely. Mr. Sams was the principal and he could walk up to me today, he'd put his arm around me and say, "Are you behaving yourself?" And I'd be like, "I'm trying". But even the teachers were allowed to paddle you. I did bad on history homework assignment one time. And Miss Taylor took me out in the hallway and paddled me for it. But I didn't do that again.

TE: No, I guess lesson learned.

DD: That was lesson learned.

TE: In the school situation, did each grade level have its own room? Were there more than one fourth grade class, more than one fifth grade class?

DD: Yes.

TE: And so, each had their own room and own teacher.

DD: Yes. When I was in school, we had like, I think there were like three kindergarten teachers, there was three first grade, three second grade and so on.

TE: What about recess? What was recess like? What did you do?

DD: Oh, we just went outside and they turned us loose. And when they turned us loose, we went outside and played. The back of the school at that time, it was just an open field. That's where our baseball field was and everything, at that time. And I remember at recess we got to take our snacks out. And I could run all the way back to the very end of the field and there was a great big, huge tree. And it was my climbing tree. And it was shady, because it would be hot, especially in summertime. And I would climb that tree and sit and eat my snack, just to be in the shade and in the cool.

But we, I mean we had all kinds of games. We'd, you know, just do races and jump rope and play ball, kickball and basketball.

TE: Were there ever any organized recess times when the teacher said, "We're playing this today, we're playing kickball today?" Or it was always just kind of free?

DD: It was a free-for-all. Whatever we chose to do. We had monkey bars that we played on and, oh, Lord, some of the things we did. We would

stand on top of the monkey bars and walk on top. Or we'd hang upside down like monkeys.

TE: Had fun, didn't you?

DD: We had a blast.

TE: What was lunchtime like? Was there a cafeteria? Did you take a lunch?

DD: We had the cafeteria and an important thing I want to stress is, when we went to lunch, we washed our hands before we went to lunch. We went in, we were quiet, we sat down, we said blessing before we ate and then we ate. And, I mean, it was, you know, everybody talked. I mean, we weren't allowed to get really loud or chaotic. But I do remember saying the blessing before lunch.

TE: Do you happen to remember the cost of the lunch?

DD: I don't.

TE: Okay. Just curious.

DD: I believe if you qualified--it was like it is now--if you qualified, you could get free lunch and if you didn't you had to pay a certain amount.

TE: What was the ethnic makeup of the school?

DD: As far as the race?

TE: Uh-huh.

DD: We had a couple of black students that I can recall. I remember one very well. She was in our grade. Her name was Mary Jo Mills. In fact, I have tried to find her on Facebook and I haven't been able to. But I was very fond of her.

TE: What about teachers? Were there more men than women? Were there any--

DD: I only remember one male teacher at Fairview Elementary at the time, and his name was Mr. Justus, besides Mr. Sams being the principal. And the rest were female teachers, that I remember.

TE: What would you say your--if you had to choose one, your very best happiest experience at that elementary school?

DD: My happiest experience. I guess when I became a cheerleader. In the sixth grade, I tried out for cheerleading, and I actually made it. It was probably 50, 75 girls trying out and only like 10 or so could make it. And I was one of them that were chosen. And that was probably the most fun I had because I went to every game and, you know, was out there and was recognized.

TE: Right. I want to go back to something that you read in one of your stories and you mentioned something called chocolate gravy.

DD: Uh-huh.

TE: What is that?

DD: Oh, it's breakfast.

TE: It's just a breakfast gravy?

DD: It's breakfast of champions. It's made with cocoa powder, flour, sugar and milk. It's stirred together over low heat until it gets thick, poured over homemade biscuits and butter.

TE: Sounds good.

DD: It is delicious.

TE: I never heard of chocolate gravy for breakfast, but that's quite interesting.

DD: Uh-huh.

TE: Also, I want to go back to the family mountain. Is there a family cemetery there?

DD: Not on the mountain. I believe most everybody in the family that are in that area still, they're either buried at Chestnut Hill Baptist Church or I believe it's Wilkies Cemetery, and I believe that's down in Broad River. But I believe that's the two main places that our family is buried at.

TE: Okay. You mentioned church and you mentioned two in particular that you attended when you were younger. Do you know if there were any churches of different faiths, other than Christianity, in Fairview at that time? I know you were young.

DD: Not that I can recall. I know of a Pleasant Hill Baptist Church that's up there on the same road. There's Nesbitt's Baptist Church, Chestnut Hill Baptist Church. I don't believe there was.

TE: Okay. What about, again, I know you were young, but do you recall any crimes, any danger, other than parents always tell their children, you know, be careful, be safe, you know, don't go away with strangers and that kind of thing. But any recall of any crimes that might have been committed in Fairview?

DD: No. I guess we were just sheltered from all that. We weren't even allowed to watch certain things on TV.

TE: Okay.

DD: Like our Saturday mornings, I mean, our TV time was limited, so we weren't made aware of anything like that. The biggest crimes that we ever saw are the ones that we did to each other, and I can tell you a story.

When I was little, I was probably in the second grade. And it was hot. Oh, it was hotter than Hades. And all the boys on the school bus, like I said, it took an hour to get us home. All the boys were taking their shirts off. I said, "Well, I'm going to take my shirt off". So, I did. And my cousin, I won't name names, but she decided that she was going to tell on me. And I

said, "Okay. Fine". So, all the way up the mountain, she lived above me, and it took us 30 minutes to walk home. But anyways, all the way up the mountain she kept telling me, "I'm going to tell on you unless you give me that brand-new doll". And I said, "Okay". So, we got to my house and she waited outside, I said, "Wait right here and I'll go get it". I walked in and I looked at my mom and I said, "Mom, it was hot on the school bus and I took my shirt off because the boys did". I said, "I promise I won't do it again". She said, "You know you can't. You're a girl". I said, "I know". And I said, "Well, Della's outside waiting on my brand-new doll because she said she's going to tell on me".

And Mom picked up the phone and called Aunt Glenda and I could hear Aunt Glenda just screaming, "Get your butt home now". So that's pretty much the crime that we knew.

[Laughter.]

TE: I like that. I like that kind of crime, I guess. Kind of going back to your grandparents now, do you recall any stories that they might have shared about what their days were like, what transportation for them might have been like?

DD: No, I wished I had communicated more and done more of this with them. I want to say that it was horse and buggy for a long time, but, you know, at the same time, my grandfather was very resourceful and I believe that they did have, at a certain point in time, they had vehicles and all my uncles got to where they maintained some vehicles themselves. My grandmother pretty much just stayed home most of the time. So, if they needed to get around on the mountain, I would say that they, you know, rode one of their mules or their horses around on the mountain.

TE: You talked about sixties, and you were born--

DD: 1970.

TE: 1970. Do you recall any stories later that some of your family members might have shared about wars that they were in, such as the Viet Nam war?

DD: No. We didn't discuss such as that.

TE: Okay. Okay. What kind of community gatherings, when you were 12 years old, that you recall in Fairview that families might all have attended?

DD: Oh, well, every single year, around birthdays, Mammaw's birthday, all the aunts and uncles and cousins showed up, you know. Christmas, Thanksgiving, you know. Halloween we went door to door. I mean, we were a close-knit family, as far as any kind of gatherings. And then, you know, like at church we would go to the fellowship building and have gatherings there, as well.

TE: Were there any kind of festivals or anything like that in Fairview? Perhaps even Asheville but in particular Fairview, that might have been going on at that time?

DD: The one that stands out the most to me would be after school, when school was fixing to let out, we had what we called Field Day. And in the back of the school, that open field that I was telling you about, all the parents would get together and set up these different stations. We'd have relay races and we'd make homemade ice cream, you know, the tying of the balloons, and jump-roping contests. You know, just we'd have a good old time.

TE: How did the school and teachers observe Halloween, Christmas, holidays like that, in school? Did you do anything in classrooms?

DD: We did. It was not politically correct like it is now. It was the way it's supposed to be. It is what it is. It is Christmas, it's God's birthday, we said it was God's birthday. It was Halloween, it's All Saints Day. We dressed up. Thanksgiving, you know, we gave thanks and so forth. Valentine's Day, we gave each other cards and so forth.

TE: Okay. What about health? I recall from my very young childhood in school, I'm a lot older than you, obviously, but the county nurse would come to school and do vaccinations. Did anything like that happen at Fairview?

DD: Yes. I actually remember--my sister is two years and seven months older than I am. And I remember the county nurse coming to the school and at their age level and up. In fact, it was my cousin, he's two years older than me. They received that vaccination that actually left a nickel-size scar on the back of your arm.

TE: Smallpox?

DD: Uh-huh. I didn't have to have that. Thank God.

TE: You should. It was not pleasant.

DD: Right.

TE: So that was a once a year or, maybe, event?

DD: That was the only time I could remember, that really stood out, because of the scar that it left.

TE: Okay. What else that perhaps I've not covered in questions but experiences and special memories about Fairview? I know you've shared a lot about your family and that it is just an amazingly close-knit family, and playing and living close to cousins. Is there any other kind of very special memory of Fairview that stands out?

DD: It's just, to me when I think of Fairview, I think of freedom. I think of peace and tranquility. I guess because I was so young. As I said, I left at 12 years of age. I'd still come visit quite often, but it's not the same as actually being here every day and experiencing everyday life.

I can remember when it was a two-lane highway all the way out. And now it's a five-lane. I just remember we had an old Wilson--or Willis Jeep, that didn't have a top on it, like an army Jeep. And we would leave the mountain and ride down the road in the Jeep to go visit other relatives, like my grandmother's people, over here off of Sugar Hollow Road. I remember riding in the back of the station wagon that had the romper seat, with the window down, holding long sticks out the back of the window and see who could get theirs the sharpest. Or having the seat down and going around the curves and rolling on top of each other. And now it's all about seat belts and safety. It was just free. It was freedom.

TE: As a child, do you recall any, oh, admonitions from your father, your grandfathers, about legends of bogeymen that you should be afraid of?

DD: I was so mad. My parents always told us that there was such things as Santa Claus. And it scared me so bad one time at Christmas, I actually thought I saw Santa Claus walking through the house. And my dad would go to the lengths of going out in our front yard and putting tracks in the front yard and making it look like reindeer tracks and then ringing a bell, making it sound like the sleigh bells.

And then, by the time I was old enough to realize there's no such thing as Santa, I'm looking at them like, "Are you kidding me? You lied to me all these years?"

[Laughter.]

TE: Looking back at your memory of 12 years of age, do you remember if there were any characters living in your general neighborhood, or general Fairview, that maybe could have been a storyteller or someone that maybe kind of behaved differently?

DD: David Holt. Yes, ma'am. He was a folk singer, storyteller. I went to his house several times. Played with his son and daughter, Zeb and Sarah, God rest her soul. She was killed in a car accident one year. It's been several years ago. I just remember the fondness of going to his house and when you walked in his house, you had to step over musical instruments, because he had every type of musical instrument you could imagine.

TE: Do you know if there is anyone else in his family that played musical instruments or sang?

DD: Huh-uh. I do not.

TE: So, he had it all then.

DD: He had it all.

TE: Judith, do you have questions that you would like to ask?

JR: No, I think this has just been fascinating. You're an amazing, amazing storyteller.

DD: Thank you.

TE: Yes, and again, thank you so much for just all the information that you've shared and that you're going to continue to share and I wish I had the memory that you do.

DD: I just pray that other people come forward and give their stories and testimonies, and give it to the younger generation, the new generation that's sprouting up.

TE: As I understand it, there are quite a few individuals that have volunteered to be interviewed and to share information. So, it's going to be

very interesting to see how it all comes out in the wash, and see what we end up with.

Thank you again for coming today. We appreciate it.

DD: Absolutely.

JR: Thank you so much. That was fantastic.

TE: Just amazing.